POETICALL BLOSSOMES.

The second Edition enlarged by the AVTHOR.

—fit surculus Arbor.



LONDON,
Printed by E. P. for HENRY SEILE, and are to bee sold at his shop at the Signe of the Tygers-head in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1636.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, IOHN LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLNE AND DEANE OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

I *Might well feare, leaſt theſe my rude and unpoliſht lines, ſhould offend your Honourable ſurvay; but that I hope your Nobleneſſe will rather ſmile at the faults committed by a* Child, *then cenſure them. Howſoever I deſire your* Lordſhips *pardon, for preſenting things ſo unworthy to your view, and to accept the good will of him, who in all dutie is bound to be*

Your Lordſhips

moſt humble ſervant,

Abraham Cowley.

To the Reader.

READER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know, have beene angrie (I dare not assume the honour of their envie) at my Poeticall boldnes, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earlines: others, who are either of a weake faith, or strong malice, have thought mee like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer that it is an envious frost which nippes the Blossomes, because they appeare quickly: to the latter, that hee is the worst homicide who strives to murther anothers fame; to both, that it is a ridiculous follie to condemne or laugh at the starres, because the Moone and Sunne shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blowne then extinguished by this wind. For the itch of Poesie by being angered encreaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appeares in that I have ventured upon this second Edition.

Edition. What though it bee neglected? It is not, I am ſure, the firſt booke, which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employed by Cooks, and Groacers. If in all mens judgements it ſuffer ſhipwracke, it ſhall ſomething content mee, that it hath pleaſed My ſelfe and the Bookſeller. In it you ſhall finde one argument (and I hope I ſhall neede no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and conſequently experience (which is yet but little) hath encreaſed, ſo they have not left my Poeſie flagging behind them. I ſhould not bee angrie to ſee any one burne my *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*, nay I would doe it my ſelfe, but that I hope a pardon may eaſily bee gotten for the errors of ten yeeres age. My *Conſtantia* and *Philetus* confeſſeth mee two yeeres older when I writ it. The reſt were made ſince upon ſeverall occaſions, and perhaps doe not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by mee, but their fate lies in your hands, it is onely you, can effect, that neither the Booke-ſeller repent himſelfe of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in compoſing them. Farewell.

A. C.

To his deare Friend and Schoole-fellow *Abraham Cowley*, on his flourishing and hopefull Blossomes.

NAture *we say decayes, because our* Age
Is worse then were the Times of old: The Stage
And Histories *the former times declare:*
In these our latter Dayes what defects are
Experience *teacheth. What then? Shall we blame*
Nature *for this? Not so; let us declayme*
Rather against our Selves: 'tis wee Decay,
Not Shee: Shee is the same every way
She was at first. Covvley, *thou prov'st this truth,*
Could ever former Age brag of a Youth
So forward at these yeares? Could Naso *write*
Thus young such wittie Poems? Tvlli's *mite*
Of Eloquence, *at this Age was not seene.*
Nor yet was Cato's *Judgement, at Thirteene*
So great as thine. Suppose it were so; yet
He Cic'ro's *Eloquence,* Tvlly *the Wit*
Of Ovid *wanted:* Ovid *too came farre*
In Judgement behind Cato. *Therefore are*
None of all equall unto Thee, so pretty,
So Eloquent, Judicious, and Witty.
Let the world's Spring time but produce and show
Such Blossomes *as thy Writings are, and know,*
Then (not till then) shall my opinion be
That it is Nature *faileth, and not* wee.

Ben. Masters.



To his Friend and Schoole-fellow ABRAHAM COVVLEY, on his Poeticall BLOSSOMES.

MAny, when Youths *of tender* Age *they see*
Expreſſing CATO, *in their Gravity*,
Iudgement, *and* Wit, *will oftentimes report*,
They thinke their thread of Life *exceeding ſhort.*
But my opinion is not ſo of Thee,
For thou ſhalt live, to all Poſterity.
Theſe gifts will never let thee *dye, for* Death
Can not bereave thee of thy fame, *though breath.*
Let ſnarling Criticks *ſpend their braines to find*
A fault, though there be none; This is my mind;
Let him that carpeth with his vipers Tongue,
Thinke with himſelfe what he could doe as young.
But if the Springing Bloſſomes, *thus rare be,*
What ripen'd Fruit *ſhall we hereafter ſee?*

ROE: MEADE,
Condiſcipulus.

To the Reader.

I.

I Call'd the buskin'd Muſe MELPOMENE,
And told her what ſad Story I would write,
Shee wept at hearing ſuch a Tragedie:
Though wont in mournefull Ditties to delight.
If thou diſlike theſe ſorrowfull lines; Then know
My Muſe with teares, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as ſhee my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny teares did on the paper fall,
If then unequall numbers bee eſpied,
Oh Reader! doe not that my error call,
But thinke her teares defac't it, and blame then
My Muſes griefe, and not my miſſing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETVS.

I.

I Sing two constant Lovers various fate,
The hopes, and feares which equally attend
Their loves; Their rivals envie, Parents hate;
I sing their sorrowfull life, and tragicke end.
Assist me this sad story to rehearse
You Gods, and be propitious to my verse.

2.

In *Florence*, for her stately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofes that emulate the skie;
There dwelt a lovely Mayd *Constantia* nam'd,
Renown'd, as mirror of all *Italy*.
Her lavish nature did at first adorne,
With *Pallas* soule in *Cytherea's* forme.

And

3.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her witin studie, that they might
Keepe th'earth from *Chaos*, and eternall night,
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, since she did part;
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.

4.

Her hayre was brighter then the beames which are
A Crowne to *Phœbus*, and her breath so sweet,
It did transcend *Arabian* odours farre,
Or th'smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
Approaching Summer, teeth like falling snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

5.

Her wit excell'd all praise, all admiration,
And speech was so attractive it might be
A meanes to cause great *Pallas* indignation,
And raise an envie from that Deity.
The mayden Lillyes at her lovely sight
Waxt pale with envie, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in birth and Parentage as high
As in her fortune great, or beauty rare,
And to her vertuous mindes nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her spotlesse Soule, and lovely Face
Thou mightst have seene each Deity and grace.

The

7.

The scornefull Boy *Adonis* viewing her
Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire,
Each who but saw, was a Competitor
And rivall, scorcht alike with *Cupid's* fire.
The glorious beames of her fayre Eyes did move,
And light beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Amongst her many Suters a young Knight
'Bove others wounded with the Majesty
Of her faire presence, presseth most in sight;
Yet seldome his desire can satisfie
With that blest object, or her rareness see;
For Beauties guard, is watchfull Iealousie.

9.

Oft-times that he might see his *Dearest-faire,*
Vpon his stately Iennet he in th'way
Rides by her house, who neighes, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia.*
But his poore Master though to see her move
His joy, dares show no looke betraying Love.

10.

Soone as the morne peep'd from her rosie bedd
And all Heavens smaller lights expulled were:
She by her friends and neere acquaintance led
Like other Maids oft walk't to take the ayre;
Aurora blusht at such a sight unknowne,
To see those cheekes were redder then her owne.

Th'ob-

11.

Th'obſequious Lover follows ſtill her traine
And where they goe, that way his journey feines,
Should they turne backe, he would turne backe againe;
For where his Love, his buſineſſe there remaines.
Nor is it ſtrange hee ſhould be loath to part
From her, ſince ſhee had ſtolne away his heart.

12.

Philetus hee was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of Noble anceſtors; But greedy *Time*
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great Stocke did ſhine;
His ſtate but ſmall, ſo Fortune did decree,
But *Love* being blind, hee that could never ſee.

13.

Yet hee by chance had hit his heart aright,
And on *Conſtantia's* eye his Arrow whet,
Had blowne the Fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
Vnleſſe his flames might like in her beget:
But yet he feares, becauſe he blinded is,
Though he have ſhot him right, her heart hee'l miſſe.

14.

Vnto *Loves* Altar therefore hee repayres,
And offers there a pleaſing Sacrifice,
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
To looke upon and eaſe his Miſeries:
Where having wept, recovering breath againe,
Thus to immortall *Love* he did complaine:

15.

Oh Cupid! *thou, whose unsontrolled sway,*
Hath oft-times rul'd the Olympian *Thunderer,*
Whom all Celestiall Deities obey,
Whom Men and Gods both reverence and feare!
Oh fierce Constantias *heart to yeeld to Love,*
Of all thy workes, the Master-piece 'twill prove.

16.

And let me not Affection vainely spend,
But kindle flames in her, like those in me;
Yet if that gift my Fortune doth transcend,
Grant that her charming Beauty I may see:
And view those Eyes which with their ravishing light
Doe onely give contentment to my sight.

17.

Those who contemne thy sacred Deity,
And mocke thy power, let them thine anger know,
I faultlesse am, nor can't an honour be
To wound your slave alone, and spare your Foe.
Here teares and sighs speake his imperfect mone,
In language farre more dolorous than his owne.

18.

Home he retyr'd, his Soule he brought not home,
Iust like a Ship whil'st every mounting wave
Toss't by enraged *Boreas* up and downe,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his case, such did his state appeare
Alike distracted betweene hope and feare.

Thin

19.

Thinking her love he never shall obtaine,
One morne he goes to th'Woods and doth complaine
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vaine,
And thus fond *Echo*, answers him againe.
So that it seemes *Aurora* wept to heare,
For th'verdant grasse was dew'd with many a teare.

THE ECCHO.

1.

OH! *what hath caus'd my killing miseries?*
Eyes, Eccho *said*, *What hath detain'd my ease?*
Ease; *straight the reasonable Nymph replyes*,
That nothing can my troubled minde appease:
Peace, Eccho *answers*. *What*, *is any nigh?*
Quoth he: *at which she quickly utters*, I.

2.

Is't Eccho *answers? tell me then thy will*:
I will, *she said*. *What shall I get* (*quoth hee*)
By loving still? to which shee answers, *ill*.
Ill? shall I void of wisht for pleasure dye?
I; *shall not I who toyle in ceaselesse paine*,
Some pleasure know? no, *she replyes againe*.

False

3.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou lyest (quoth hee)
Thou lyest, shee said, And I dastru'd her hate,
If I should thee beleeve; beleeve, (saith shee)
For why thy idle words are of no weight.
Weigh it (shee replyes) I therefore will depart,
To which, resounding Eccho answers; part.

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his minde,
He quarrels with himselfe because his woes
Spring from himselfe, yet can no medicine finde:
Hee weepes to quench the fires that burn in him,
But teares doe fall to th'earth, flames are within.

21.

No morning banisht darkenesse, nor blacke night
By her alternate course expuls'd the day.
Which in *Philetus* by a constant rite
At *Cupids* Altars did not weepe and pray;
And yet had reaped nought for all his paine
But Care and Sorrow, that was all his gaine.

22.

But now at last the pitying God, o'recome
By's constant votes and teares, fixt in her heart
A golden shaft, and shee is now become
A suppliant to Love that with like Dart
Hee'd wound *Philetus*, and doth now implore
With teares, ayde from that power she scorn'd before.

23.

Little ſhe thinkes ſhe kept *Philetus* heart
In her ſcorcht breaſt, becauſe her owne ſhe gave
To him. Since either ſuffers equall ſmart,
And alike meaſure in their torments have:
His Soule, his griefe, his fires, now hers are growne:
Her heart, her minde, her love is his alone.

24.

Whilſt thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutinie,
She tooke a Lute (being farre from any eares)
And tun'd this Song, poſing that harmony
Which Poets wit attributes to the Spheares:
Whoſe raviſhing Notes, if when her Love was ſlaine
She had ſung; from *Styx* t'had cald him backe againe.

THE

The Song.

1.

TO whom ſhall I my Sorrowes ſhow ?
Not to Love, for he is blinde :
And my Philetus doth not know,
The inward ſorrow of my minde.
And all the ſenceleſſe Walls which are
Now round about me, cannot heare.

2.

For if they could, they ſure would weepe,
And with my griefes relent :
Unleſſe their willing teares they keepe,
Till I from th'earth am ſent.
Then I beleeve they'l all deplore
My fate, ſince I them taught before.

3.

I willingly would weepe my ſtore,
If the ſtond would land thy Love,
My deare PHILETUS on the ſhoare
Of my heart ; but ſhouldſt thou prove
Afeard of flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy comming there.

25.

Then teares in envie of her ſpeech did flow
From her faire eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there,
Her burning flame had melted hills of ſnow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a teare;
Which *Nilus* like, did quickly over-flow,
And cauſed ſoone new ſerpent griefes to grow.

26.

Heere ſtay my *Muſe*, for if I ſhould recite,
Her mournefull Language, I ſhould make you weepe
Like her a floud, and ſo not ſee to write,
Such lines as I and th'age requires, to keepe,
Mee from ſterne death, or with victorious rime,
Revenge their Maſters death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, chance and his owne induſtry
Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, ſo that he,
Might by this meanes, his bright *Conſtantia* view:
And as time ſerv'd ſhew her his miſerie;
And this was the firſt Act in's Tragedie.

28.

Thus to himſelfe ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate,
He ſaid; *How ſhall I thanke thee for this gaine,*
O CUPID, *or reward my helping Fate,*
Which ſweetens all my ſorrowes, all my paine?
What Husbandman would any ſweet refuſe,
To reape at laſt ſuch fruit, his labours uſe?

29.

ut waighing ſtraight his doubtfull ſtate aright,
eeing his griefes linkt like an endleſſe chaine
o following woes, he could deſpaire delight,
Quench his hot flames, and empty love diſdaine.
But CUPID when his heart was ſet on fire,
Had burnt his wings, and could not then retyre.

30.

The wounded youth, and kinde *Philocrates*
(So was her Brother call'd) grew ſoone ſo deare,
So true, and conſtant, in their Amities,
And in that league ſo ſtrictly joyned were;
That Death it ſelfe could not their friendſhip ſever.
But as they liv'd in love, they dyde together.

31.

If one be melancholy, the other's ſad;
If one be ſicke, the other he is ill,
And if *Philetus* any ſorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it ſtill:
Pylades ſoule and mad *Oreſtes* was
In theſe, if wee beleeve *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walkes, and there
Exclaimes againſt his fate, fate too unkind.
With ſpeaking teares his griefes he doth declare,
And with ſad ſighes teacheth the angrie *wind*,
To ſigh, and though it nere ſo cruell were,
It roar'd to heare *Philetus* tell his care.

33.

The Criſtall Brookes which gently runne betweene
The ſhadowing Trees, and as they through them paſſe
VVater the Earth, and keepe the *Medowes* greene,
Giving a colour to the verdant Graſſe:
Hearing *Philetus* tell his wofull ſtate,
In ſhew of griefe runne murmuring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel anſweres him againe and ſhewes
In her beſt language, her ſad Hiſtorie.
And in a mournefull ſweetneſſe tels her woes,
Denying to bee poſ'd in miſerie:
Conſtantia he, ſhe *Tereus*, *Tereus* cryes,
VVith him both griefe, and griefes expreſſion vyes.

35.

Philocrates muſt needes his ſadneſſe know,
Willing in ill's, aſwell as joyes to ſhare,
Nor will on them the name of friends beſtow,
Who in ſport, not in ſorrowes partners are.
VVho leaves to guide the Ship when ſtormes ariſe,
Is guilty both of ſame, and cowardiſe.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that hee
Yeelded to tyrant Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his malady,
Hee watches him in hope to cure his ſore
By counſell, and recall the poyſonous Dart,
VVhich (alas) was fixed in his heart.

VVhe

37.

VVhen in the Woods, places best fit for care,
Hee to himselfe did his past griefes recite,
The obsequious friend straight followes him, and there
Doth hide himselfe from sad *Philetus* sight.
VVho thus exclaimes; for a swolne heart would breake,
If it for vent of sorrow might not speake.

38.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desart Wood,
But in loves pathlesse Labyrinth, there I
My health, each joy and pleasure counted good
Have lost, and which is more, my liberty.
And now am forc't to let him sacrifice
My heart, for rash beleeving of my eyes.

39.

Long have I stayed, but yet have no reliefe,
Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shownt,
Because shee knowes not of my killing griefe,
And I have feard, to make my sorrowes knowne.
For why alas, if shee should once but dart
At me disdaine, 'twould kill my subiect heart.

40.

But how should shee, ere I impart my Love,
Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
But when I speake, if she should angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing teares, and scorne my fire?
Why, he who hath all sorrowes borne before,
Needeth not feare to be oppress with more.

41

PHILOCRATES no longer can forbeare,
But running to his lov'd Friend; Oh (said hee)
My deare PHILETUS *be thy selfe, and sweare*
To rule that Passion which now masters Thee,
And all thy faculties; but if 't may not be,
Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

42

Amazement strikes him dumbe, what shall he doe?
Should hee reveale his Love, he feares twould prove,
A hindrance; which should he deny to show,
It might perhaps his deare friends anger move:
These doubts like *Scylla* and *Charibdis* stand,
Whilst *Cupid* a blind Pilot doth command.

43

At last resolv'd; how shall I seeke, said hee,
To excuse my selfe, deerest *Philocrates*;
That I from thee have hid this secrecie?
Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
My case with words, my griefe you should have knowne
Ere this, if that my heart had bin my owne.

44

I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Sunnes which doe all light dissolve;
First kindling in my breast the flame desire,
But like the rare Arabian *Bird, there rose*
From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,
Which now thou tenant in my soule doth move.

Oh!

45.

Oh! let not then my Passion cause your hate,
Nor let my choise offend you, or detayne
Your ancient Friendship; 'tis alas too late
To call my firme affection backe againe:
No Physicke can recure my weakn'd state,
The wound is growne too great, too desperate.

46.

But *Counsell sayd* his Friend, a remedy
Which never fayles the Patient, may at least
If not quite heale your mindes infirmity,
Affwage your torment, and procure some rest.
But there is no Physitian can apply
A medicine, ere he know the Malady.

47.

Then heare me, said *Philetus*; but why? Stay,
I will not toyle thee with my history,
For to remember Sorrowes past away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.
Hee who acquainteth others with his mone,
Addes to his friends griefe, but not cures his owne.

48.

But sayd *Philocrates*, 'tis best in woe,
To have a faithfull partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to beare.
I should mistrust your love to hide from mee
Your thoughts, and taxe you of *Inconstancy*.

What

49.

What ſhall hee doe? Or with what language frame
Excuſe? He muſt reſolve not to deny,
But open his cloſe thoughts, and inward flame,
With that as prologue to his Tragedy.
Hee ſigh'd, as if they'd coole his torments ire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

50.

When yeares firſt ſtyl'd me Twenty, I began
To ſport with catching ſnares that Love had ſet,
Like Birds that flutter 'bout the gyn, till tane,
Or the poore Fly caught in *Arachnes* net:
Even ſo I ſported with her Beauties light,
Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.

51.

Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought,
'Twas eaſy to expulſe it, but as fire
Though but a ſparke, ſoone into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which ſo have ſcorcht my love-ſtrucke ſoule, that I
Still live in torment, though each minute dye.

52.

Who is it, ſayd *Philocrates*, can move
With charming eyes ſuch deepe affection?
I may perhaps aſſiſt you in your love,
Two can effect more than your ſelfe alone.
My counſell this thy error may reclaynie,
Or my ſalt teares quench thy annoying flame.

Nay

53.

Nay said *Philetus*, oft my eyes doe flow
Like *Nilus*, when it scornes th'opposed shore:
Yet all the watery plenty I bestow,
Is to my flame an oyle, which feedes it more.
So fame reports of the *Dodonean* spring,
That lights a torch the which is put therein.

54.

But being you desire to know her, shee
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower
As if they faine would drowne the memory
Of his life keepers name,) *Constantia*; more
Griefe would not let him utter; *Teares the best*
Expressers of true sorrow, spake the rest.

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
And was this all? What ere your griefe would ease
Though a farre greater taske beleeu't for thee,
It should be soone done by *Philocrates*;
Thinke all you wish performe'd, but see, the day
Tyr'd with its heate is hasting now away.

56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them goe,
But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
What in the day he feares of future woe,
At night in dreames, like truth, affright his mind.
Why doest thou vex him, Love? Had'st eyes (I say)
Thou would'st thy selfe haye lov'd *Constantia*.

57.

Philocrates pittying his dolefull mone,
And wounded with the Sorrowes of his friend,
Brings him to fayre Conſtantia; where alone
Hee might impart his love, and eyther end
His fruitleſſe hopes, cropt by her coy diſdaine,
Or by her liking, his wiſh't layes attaine.

58.

Faireſt, (quoth he) whom the bright Heavens doe cover,
Doe not theſe teares, theſe ſpeaking teares, deſpiſe:
And dolorous ſighes, of a ſubmiſſive Lover,
Thus ſtrucke to th' earth by your all dazeling Eyes.
And doe not you contemne that ardent flame,
Which from your ſelfe; Your owne faire Beauty came.

59.

Truſt me, I long have hid my love, but now
Am forc't to ſhow't, ſuch is my inward ſmart,
And you alone (ſweet faire) the meanes doe know
To beale the wound of my conſuming heart.
Then ſince it onely in your power doth lie
To kill, or ſave, Oh helpe! or elſe I dye.

60.

His gently cruell Love, did thus reply;
I for your paine am grieved, and would doe
Without impeachment to my Chaſtity
And honour, any thing might pleaſure you.
But if beyond thoſe limits you demand,
I muſt not anſwer, (Sir) nor underſtand.

Beleeve

61.

Beleeve mè vertuous maiden, my deſire
Is chaſt and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
No flaſh of luſt, 'tis no diſhoneſt fire
Which goes as ſoone as it was quickly brought:
But as thy beauty pure, which let not bee
Eclipſed by diſdaine, and cruelty.

62.

Oh! how ſhall I reply (quoth ſhee) thou'aſt won
My ſoule, and therefore take thy victory:
Thy eyes and ſpeaches have my heart o'recome
And if I ſhould deny thee love, then I
Shonld bee a Tyrant to my ſelfe; that fire
Which is kept cloſe, burnes with the greateſt ire.

63.

Yet doe not count my yeelding, lightneſſe in mee,
Impute it rather to my ardent love,
Thy pleaſing carriage long agoe did win me,
And pleading beauty did my liking move.
Thy eyes which draw like loadſtones with their might
The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am rapt above the reach, ſaid hee
Of thought, my ſoule already feeles the bliſſe
Of heaven, when (ſweete) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I loſe all happineſſe
Is wiſht for: both your favour here, and dead,
May the iuſt Gods powre vengeance on my head.

Whilſt

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate)
Constantia's father entred in the roome,
VVhen glad *Philetus* ignorant of his state;
Kisses her cheekes, more red then setting Sun,
Or else, the morne, blushing through clouds of water,
To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearefull stands
Reading his fatall *Theta* in the browes
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knowes,
Such was his state to see her facher come,
Nor wisht for, nor expected to the roome.

67.

The inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrudance in that house, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there
Till he had given him such authority,
But to depart, since she her love did shew him
VVas living death, with lingring torments to him.

68.

This being knowne to kinde *Philocrates*,
He cheares his friend, bidding him banish feare,
And by some letter his griev'd minde appease,
And shew her that which to her friendly eare,
Tyme gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her, the absent lovers will.

THE

THE LETTER.

PHILETVS TO CONSTANTIA.

I Truſt (deare Soule) my abſence cannot move
You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;
For were there any meanes to ſee you, I
Would runne through Death and all the miſerie
Fate could inflict, that ſo the World might ſay,
In Life and Death I lov'd Conſtantia.
Then let not (deareſt Sweet) our abſence ſever
Our loves, let them ioyn'd cloſely ſtill together
Give warmth to one another, till there riſe
From all our labours, and our induſtries
The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
There's no man whom the Summer pleaſures greet
Before he taſt the Winter, none can ſay,
Ere night was gone, he ſaw the riſing Day.
So When we once have waſted Sorrowes night,
The ſunne of Comfort then ſhall give us light.

PHILETVS.

This

69.

This when *Constantia* read, shee thought her state
Most happy by *Philetus* Constancie,
And perfect Love: she thankes her flattering Fate,
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she
The welcome Characters doth dull and stayne,
Then thus with inke and teares writes backe againe.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETVS.

YOur absence (Sir) though it be long, yet I
Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancie:
Nor need you feare, that I should yeeld unto
Another, what to your true Love is due.
My heart is yours, it is not in my claime,
Nor have I power to giv't away againe.
There's nought but death can part our soules, no time
Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:
But for the harvest of our hopes I'le stay,
Vnlesse Death cut it, ere't be ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

70.

Oh! how this Letter did exalt his pride!
More proud was he of this, then *Phaeton*,
When *Phœbus* flaming Chariot he did guide,
Before he knew the danger was to come.
Or else then *Iason*, when from *Colchos* hee
Returned, with the *Fleeces* victory.

71.

But ere the Autumne which faire *Ceres* crown'd,
Had payd the fwetting Plowmans greedieſt prayer;
And by the Fall diſrob'd the gawdy ground
Of all her Summer ornaments, they were
By kind *Philocrates* together brought (wrought.
Where they this meanes t'enjoy their freedome

72.

Sweet Miſtreſſe, ſayd *Philetus*, ſince the time
Propitious to our votes, now gives us leave
To' enjoy our loves, let us not deare reſigne
His long'd for favour, nor our ſelves bereave
Of what wee wiſht for, opportunity;
That may too ſoone the wings of Love outfly.

73.

For when your Father, as his cuſtome is,
For pleaſure doth purſue the timerous Hare;
If you'l reſort but thither, I'le not miſſe
To bee in thoſe Woods ready for you, where
We may depart in ſafety, and no more
With Dreames of pleaſure onely, heale our ſore.

74.

This both the Lovers ſoone agreed upon,
But ere they parted, hee deſires that ſhee
Would bleſſe his greedy hearing, with a *Song*
From her harmonious voyce, ſhee doth agree
To his requeſt, and doth this Ditty ſing,
Whoſe raviſhing *Notes* new fires to's old doe bring.

THE

The Song.

1.

TIme flye with greater speed away,
Adde feathers to thy wings,
Till thy hast in flying brings
That wisht for, and expected Day.

2.

Comforts sunne, wee then shall see,
Though at first it dark'ned bee,
With dangers, yet those Clouds being gon,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

3.

Then though Deaths sad night doe come,
And wee in silence sleepe,
'Lasting Day agen will greete
Our ravisht Soules, and then there's none

4.

Can part us more, no Death, nor Friends,
Being dead, their power o're us ends.
Thus there's nothing can dissever,
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Feare of being ſeene, *Philetus* homeward drove,
But ere they part ſhe willingly doth give
As faithfull pledges of her conſtant love
Many a kiſſe, and then each other leave
In griefe, though rapt with joy that they have found
A way to heale the torment of their wound.

76.

But ere the Sun through many dayes had run,
Conſtantia's charming beauty had o'recome
Guiſcardo's heart, and's ſcorn'd affection won,
Her eyes, that conquered all they ſhone upon
Shot through his glutton eyes ſuch hot deſire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

77.

In rooſes which Gold and *Parian* ſtone adorne,
Proud as their Landlords minde, he did abound,
In fields ſo fertile for their yeerely corne
As might contend with ſcorcht *Calabria's* ground;
But in his ſoule where ſhould be the beſt ſtore
Of ſureſt riches, he was baſe and poore.

78.

Him was *Conſtantia* urg'd continually
By'er friends to love, ſometimes they did intreate
With gentle ſpeeches, and milde courteſie,
Which when they ſee deſpis'd by her, they threat.
But love too deepe was ſeated in her heart,
To be worne out with thought of any ſmart.

Her

79.

Her father ſhortly went unto the wood
To hunt, his friend *Guiſcardo* being there,
With others who by friendſhip and by blood
Vnto *Conſtantia's* aged father were
Alyed neare, there likewiſe were with theſe,
His beautious daughter, and *Philocrates.*

80.

Being entred in the pathleſſe woods, whilſt they
Purſue their game, *Philetus* who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries ſtraight away
His love, and haſtens his owne haſty fate.
Which came too ſoone upon him, and his Sunne
Eclipſed was, before it fully ſhone.

81.

For when *Conſtantia's* miſſed, in a maze,
Each takes a ſeverall courſe, and by curſt fate
Guiſcardo runs with a love carryed pace
Towards them, who little knew their ſorrowfull ſtate.
So hee like bolder *Icarus* ſoaring hye
To Honour, fell to th'depth of miſery.

82.

For when *Guiſcardo* ſees his Rivall there,
Swelling with envious rage hee comes behind
Philetus, who ſuch fortune did not feare,
And with his flaming ſword away doth find
To' his heart, who ere that death poſſeſt him quite,
In theſe few words gaſpt out his flying ſprite.

83.

O see Constantia, *my short race is runne,*
See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye,
But live thou happier then thy love hath done,
And when I'me dead, thinke sometime upon me.
More my short time permits me not to tell,
For now death seaseth me, *oh my deare farewell.*

84.

As soone as hee had spoke these words, life fled
From's wounded body, whil'st *Constantia* shee
Kisses his cheekes which loose there lively red;
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done
A fallen starre, or an eclipsed Sunne.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* by's fate being drove
To accompany *Philetus* Tragedy,
Seeing his friend was dead, and's sorrowfull love
Sate weeping o're his bleeding body, I
Will now revenge thy death (best friend) said he,
Or in thy murther beare thee company.

86.

I am by *love* sent to revenge this fate,
Nay, stay *Guiscardo* thinke not heaven in jest,
'Tis vaine to hope flight can secure thy state.
Then thrusting's sword into the Villaines brest:
Here, said *Philocrates*, thy life I send
A sacrifice, t'appease my slaughter'd friend.

But

87.

But hee falls: here take a reward ſaid he
For this thy victoty, with that hee flung
His killing rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his braine-pan hung.
With that hee falles, but lifting up his eyes
Farewell *Conſtantia*, that word ſaid, hee dies.

88.

What ſhall ſhee doe, ſhe to her brother runnes
And's cold, and liveleſſe body doth imbrace,
She calls to him, hee cannot heare her moanes:
And with her kiſſes warmes his clammie face.
My Deare Philocrates, *ſhee weeping cryes,*
Speake to thy Siſter: but no voyce replyes.

89.

Then running to her love, with many a teare,
Thus her minds fervent paſſion ſhee expreſs't,
O ſtay (bleſt Soule) ſtay but a little here
And wee will both haſt to a laſting reſt.
Then to *Eliſiums* Manſions both together
Wee'le journey, and be married there for ever.

90.

But when ſhe ſaw they both were dead, quoth ſhee
Oh my *Philetus* for thy ſake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedie
Since 't was for me (Deare love) that thou didſt dye;
Ile follow thee, and not thy loſſe deplore,
Theſe eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.

91

It ſhall not ſure be ſaid that thou did'ſt dye
And thy *Conſtantia* live ſince thou waſt ſlayne:
No, no, deare Soule, I will not ſtay from thee,
But conſtant be in act, as well as Name.
Then piercing her ſad breſt, *I come*, ſhee cryes,
And Death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

92.

Her Soule being fled to it's Eternall reſt,
Her Father comes, who ſeeing this, he falls
To th'earth, with griefe too great to bee expreſt:
Whoſe doleſull words my tyred *Muſe* mee calls
T' o'repaſſe, which I moſt gladly doe, for feare
That I ſhould toyle too much, the *Readers eare.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORY OF *PIRAMVS* AND *THISBE.*

—fit ſurculus Arbor.



LONDON,
Printed by E. P. for HENRY SEILE,
and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at the
Signe of the Tygers-head in S.
Pauls Church-yard. 1636.

To the Right Worſhipfull, my very loving Maſter, Maſter *Lambert Osbolſton*, chiefe Schoolmaſter of *Weſtminſter*-Schoole.

SIR,

MY childiſh Muſe is in her Spring, and yet
Can onely ſhew ſome budding of her Wit.
One frowne upon her Worke (learn'd Sir) from you:
Like ſome unkinder ſtorme ſhot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring, *to withering* Autumn's *time,*
And make her Bloſſomes *periſh, ere their Prime.*
But if you ſmile, if in your gracious Eye
Shee an auſpicious Alpha *can deſcrie.* (*flouriſh*
How ſoone will they grow Fruit? How will they
That had ſuch beames their infancie to nouriſh?
Which being ſprung to ripeneſſe, expect then
The beſt, and firſt fruits, of her gratefull Pen.

Your moſt dutifull Scholler,

ABRA. COWLEY.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF PYRAMVS *and* THISBE.

1.

WHere *Babylons* high Walls erected were
By mighty *Ninus* wife; two houſes join'd.
One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Piramus* the faire
In th'other; Earth nere boaſted ſuch a paire.
The very ſenceleſſe walls themſelves combin'd
And grew in one, juſt like their Maſters minde.

2.

Thisbe all'other women did excell,
The Queene of *Love* leſſe lovely was than ſhee:
And *Piramus* more ſweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
But *Venus* envying they ſo faire ſhould bee,
Bids her Sonne CUPID ſhew kis crueltie.

The

3.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
And doth prepare his most remorsleſſe Dart,
Which he unſeene unto their hearts did ſend,
And ſo was Love the cauſe of Beauties end.
But could he ſee, he had not wrought their ſmart:
For pittie ſure would have orecome his heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in a Net is tane,
By ſtrugling more entangles in the ginne;
So they who in Loves Labyrinth remaine,
With ſtriving never can a freedome gaine.
The way to enter's broad, but being in
No art, no labour, can an *exit* win.

5.

Theſe Lovers though their Parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealouſie,
Though in theſe ſtormes no comfort could remove
The various doubts, and feares that coole hot love:
Though he nor hers, nor ſhe his face could ſee,
Yet this did not aboliſh Loves Decree.

6.

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part
This the unanimate couple ſoone did ſpie,
And here their inward ſorrowes did impart,
Vnlading the ſad burden of their heart.
Though Love be blind, this ſhewes he can deſcrie
A way to leſſen his owne miſery.

Oft

7.

Oft to the friendly crannie they resort,
And feede themselves with the celestiall ayre,
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy, yet thinke the time but short.
And wish that it againe renewed were
To sucke each others breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaime against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperiall *Jove*,
Sometimes repent their flames, but all too late:
The Arrow could not be recald, their state
Ordained was, by *Jupiter* above,
And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

9.

They curst the wall which did their kisses part,
And to the stones their dolorous words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their teares could understand their smart;
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd wall, O why*
Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
Breakes thorow all thy flinty cruelties:
For both our soules so closely ioyned lye,
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And though he part them, yet they'l meet above.

11.

Abortive teares from their faire eyes ſtraight flow'd
And dimm'd the lovely ſplendor of their ſight,
Which ſeem'd like *Titan*, whilſt ſome watry Cloud
O'reſpreads his face, and his bright beames doth ſhrow'd.
Till *Veſper* chac'd away the conquered light,
And forceth them (though loath) to bid *Good-night.*

12.

But ere *Aurora*, Vſher to the Day,
Began with welcome luſtre to appeare,
The Lovers riſe, and at that crannie they
Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay:
With many a *Sigh*, many a ſpeaking Teare,
Whoſe griefe the pitying Morning bluſht to heare.

13.

Deare Love (quoth PIRAMUS) *how long ſhall wee*
Like fairеſt Flowers, not gathered in their prime,
Waſt precious youth, and let advantage flee,
Till wee bewaile at laſt our crueltie
Upon our ſelves, for Beautie though it ſhine
Like day, will quickly finde an Evening time.

14.

Therefore (*ſweet* THISBE) *let us meet this night*
At Ninus *Tombe, without the Citie wall,*
Under the Mulberie-Tree, with Berries white
Abounding, there t'enioy our wiſht delight.
For mounting Love ſtopt in his courſe doth fall,
And long'd for, yet untaſted Ioy kills all.

What

15.

What though our cruell parents angry bee?
What though our friends (alas) are too unkind?
Time now propitious, may anon deny,
And soone hold backe, fit opportunity.
Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.
Occasion once past'd by, is bald behind.

16.

She soone agreed to that which hee requir'd,
For little Wooing needs where both consent,
What hee so long had pleaded she desir'd,
Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus *Beauty* is by beauties meanes undone,
Striving to close these eyes that make her bright;
Just like the Moone, which seekes t'eclipse the Sun
Whence all her splendor, all her beames, doe come:
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

18.

Vnto the *Mulbery-tree*, Sweet *Thisbe* came,
Where having rested long (at last) she gan,
Against her *Pyramus* for to exclaime,
Whil'st various thoughts turmoile her troubled braine.
And imitating thus the sylver *Swan*,
A little while before her Death shee sang.

The Song.

1.

COme Love, why ſtayeſt thou? The night
Will vaniſh e're wee taſte delight:
The Moone obſcures her ſelfe from ſight,
Thou abſent, whoſe eyes give her light.

2.

Come quickly Deare, bee briefe as time;
Or wee by Morne ſhall bee o're tane,
Loves Joy's thine owne as well as mine,
Spend not therefore time in vaine.

Here

19.

Here doubtfull thoughts broke off her pleasant *Song*,
Against her love for staying shee gan crie,
Her *Piramus* shee thought did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong.
Then betwixt longing hope, and lealousie,
She feares, yet's loth, to tax his loyaltie.

20.

Sometimes shee thinkes, that he hath her forsaken,
Sometimes that danger hath befallen to him;
Shee feares that hee another love hath taken,
Which being but imagin'd, soone doth waken
Numberlesse thoughts, which on her heart doe fling
Feares that her future fate too truely sing.

21.

Whilst shee thus musing sate, ranne from the wood
An angry Lyon, to the cristall Springs
Nere to that place, who comming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood.
Swifter then thought Sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
To flye from him, feare gave her Swallowes wings.

22.

As shee avoids the Lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest *Pyramus* should come;
And be devour'd by the sterne Lions ire,
So shee for ever burne in unquench'd fire.
But feare expells all reasons, shee doth run
Into a darksome Cave, neere seene by Sun.

23.

With haſt ſhe let her looſer Mantle fall,
Which when th' enraged Lion did eſpie,
VVith bloody teeth, he tore't in pieces ſmall,
VVhilſt *Thisbe* ran and look'd not backe at all.
For could the ſenceleſſe beaſt, her face diſcrie,
It had not done her ſuch an injury.

24.

The night halfe waſted, *Piramus* did come,
VVho ſeeing printed in the ſubtill ſand
The Lions paw, and by the fountaine ſome
Of *Thisbes* garment, ſorrow ſtrooke him dumbe:
Iuſt like a marble ſtatue did hee ſtand,
Cut by ſome skilfull gravers cunning hand.

25.

Recoverihg breath, 'gainſt Fate he gan t'exclayme,
VVaſhing with teares the torne and bloody weed.
I may ſayd hee, my ſelfe for her death blame;
Therefore my blood ſhall waſh away that ſhame.
Since ſhee is dead, whoſe Beauty doth exceed
All that frayle man can either beare or reade.

26.

This ſpeaking, hee his ſharpe Sword drew, and ſayd;
Receive thou my red blood, as a due debt
Vnto thy conſtant Love, to which 'tis payd.
I ſtraight will meete thee in the pleaſant ſhade
Of coole Elyſium, *where wee being met,*
Shall taſte the Ioyes, that here we could not yet.

Then

27.

Then thorow his breſt thruſting his ſword: life hies
From him, and hee makes haſt to ſeeke his faire.
And as upon the crimſond ground hee lies,
His blood ſpirt'd up upon the Mulberries:
With which th'unſpotted berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with Red they coloured are.

28.

At laſt, came *Thisbe* from the den for feare
Of diſappointing *Piramus*, being ſhe
Was bound by promiſe, for to meete him there,
But when ſhe ſaw the berries changed were.
From white to blacke, ſhe knew not certainely
It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight from the darke cave ſhe came
Thinking to tell how ſhee eſcap'd the beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her *Pyramus* lie ſlaine,
In what perplexity ſhe did remaine!
She teares her Golden haire, and beates her breſt,
All ſignes of raging ſorrow ſhe expreſt.

30.

She cries 'gainſt mighty *Iove*, and then doth take
His bleeding body from the moiſtned ground.
She kiſſes his pale face till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeekes to wake
His parting ſoule with mournfull words, and's wound
VVaſheth with teares, which her ſweet ſpeech confound.

31.

But afterwards recovering breath, quoth shee,
(*Alas*) *what chance hath parted thee and I?*
O tell what evill hath befallen to thee;
That of thy Death I may a Partner bee.
Tell *Thisbe* what hath caus'd this Tragedie.
He hearing *Thisbe's* name, lift up his eye.

32.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying head,
Where striving long for breath, at last said hee,
O Thisbe, *I am posting to the dead,*
And cannot beale that Wound my feare hath bred.
Farewell, sweet Thisbe, *we must parted bee,*
For angry Death will force me goe from Thee.

33.

Life did from him, hee from his Mistris part,
Leaving his *Love* to languish here in woe.
What shall shee doe? How shall she ease her heart?
Or with what language speake her inward smart?
Vsurping passion reason doth o'reflow,
Shee sweares that with her *Pyramus* shee'l goe.

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slayne,
With *Pyramus* his crimson blood warme still.
And layd, *Oh slay* (*blest Soule*) *that so wee twaine*
May goe together where wee shall remaine
In endlesse loyes, and never feare the ill
Of grudging Friends: Then she her selfe did kill.

35.

To tell what griefe their Parents did ſuſtaine,
Were more then my rude Quill can overcome.
Many a teare they ſpent but all in vaine,
For weeping calls not backe the Dead againe.
They both were layed in one Grave, life done,
And theſe words were writ upon the Tombe.

Epitaph.

1.

VNderneath this Marble ſtone,
Lye two Beauties ioyn'd in one.

2.

Two whoſe Loves Death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

4.

Two whoſe Soules, being too divine
For earth, in their owne Spheare now ſhine.

5.

VVho have left their loves to Fame,
And their earth to earth againe.

FINIS.

An Elegie on the Death of the Right Honourable, *Dudley* Lord *Carleton*, Viſcount *Dorcheſter*, late Principall Secretary of State.

THE infernall Siſters, did a Counſell call
Of all the Fiends, to the blacke Stygian Hall;
The dire Tartarean Monſters, hating light,
Begot by diſmall Erebus, and Night.
Whereſoe're diſpers'd abroad, bearing the Fame
Of their accurſed meeting, thither came
Revenge, whoſe greedy minde no Blood can fill,
And Envie, never ſatisfied with ill.
Thither blind Boldneſſe, and impatient Rage,
Reſorted, with Death's neighbour envious Age,
And Meſſengers diſeaſes, whereſoe're
Then wandring, at that Senate preſent were:
Whom to oppreſſe the Earth, the Furies ſent
To ſpare the Guiltie, vex the Innocent.
The Councell thus diſſolv'd, an angry fever,
Whoſe quenchleſſe thirſt, by Blood was ſated never:

Envying

Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatnesse, Love,
And Vertue (Londslone, which all these did move)
Of Noble CARLETON, *him sheer tooke away,*
And like a greedy Vultur seas'd her prey:
Weepe with mee each who either reads or heares,
And know his losse, deserves his Countreyes teares:
The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,
Virtue a Husband, and a Prop the State,
Sol's Chorus weepes, and to adorne his Herse
Calliope would sing a Tragicke verse.
And had there beene before no Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon *with teares.*

ABRA. COVVLEY.

AN

An *Elegie* on the death of my loving Friend and Couſen, Maſter *Richard Clerke*, late of *Lincolnes Inne*, Gent.

IT was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtinie,
(The World from Chaos *turn'd) that all ſhould die.*
Hee who durſt feareleſſe paſſe blacke Acheron
And dangers of th'infernall Region,
Leading Heills triple Porter captivate,
VVas overcome himſelfe, by conquering Fate.
The Roman Tullie's *pleaſing Eloquence,*
VVhich in the Eares did locke up every Sence
Of the rapt hearer, his Melliſluous breath
Could not at all charme unremorſeleſſe Death,
Nor Solon *ſo by* Greece *admir'd, could ſave*
Himſelfe with all his VViſdome, from the Grave.
Sterne Fate brought Maro *to his Funerall flame,*
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning thoſe lofty Lines, which now ſhall be
Times conquerers, and out-laſt Eternitie.

Even

Even ſo lov'd Clerk *from death no ſcape could find,*
Though arm'd with great Alcides *valiant mind.*
He was adorn'd in yeeres though farre more young,
With learned Cicero's, *or a ſweeter Tongue.*
And could dead Virgil *heare his lofty ſtraine,*
He would condemne his owne to fire againe.
His youth a Solons *wiſdome did preſage,*
Had envious Time *but given him* Solons *age.*
Who would not therefore now if Learning's friend,
Bewayle his fatall and untimely end:
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting Eyes,
As would not weepe when ſo much Vertue dyes?
The God of Poets *doth in darkeneſſe ſhrowd*
His glorious face, and weepes behind a Cloud.
The dolefull Muſes *thinking now to write*
Sad Elegies, *their teares confound their ſight:*
But him to Elyſiums *laſting Ioyes they bring,*
Where Winged Angels his ſad Requiems *ſing.*

Abraham Cowley.

A DREAME OF ELYSIVM.

PHœbus expuls'd by the approaching Night
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashfull light.
Whilst I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muse*, whom I adore, enterd the roome.
Her hayre with looser curiositie,
Did on her comely backe dishevel'd lye.
Her Eyes with such attractive beauty shone,
As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.
Shee bid me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicitie,
Wee mortals so admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*.
On whom I rid: Knowing where ever shee
Did goe, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.
No sooner was my flying Courser come
To the blest dwellings of *Elysium*:
When straight a thousand unknowne joyes resort,
And hemm'd me round: Chast loves innocuous sport.

A thou-

A thousand sweets, bought with no following Gall,
Ioyes, not like ours, short, but perpetuall.
How many objects charme my wandring eye,
And bid my soule gaze there eternally?
Heere in full streames, *Bacchus* thy liquor flowes,
Nor knowes to ebbe: here *Joves* broad Tree bestowes
Distilling hony, heere doth *Nectar* passe
With copious current through the verdant Grasse.
Heere *Hyacinth*, his fate writ in his lookes.
And thou *Narcissus* loving still the Brookes,
Once lovely boyes; and *Acis* now a Flower,
Are nourisht, with that rarer herbe, whose power
Created thee, Warres potent God, here growes
The spotlesse Lillie, and the blushing Rose.
And all those divers ornaments abound,
That variously may paint the gawdy ground.
No Willow, sorrowes Garland, there hath hath roome,
Nor Cypresse, sad attendant of a Tombe.
None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th'Ivie twine
Embracing the stout Oake, the fruitfull Vine,
And Trees with golden Apples loaded downe,
On whose faire toppes sweet *Philomel* alone,
Vnmindfull of her former miserie,
Tunes with her voyce a ravishing Harmonie.
Whilst all the murmuring Brookes that glide along
Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.
No *Scritchowle*, sad companion of the Night,
Or hideous Raven with prodigious flight
Presaging future ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
Yet spotted with young *Itis* Tragedie,

Those

Thoſe Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
That is not pure, immaculate, and rare.
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Vnder a row of ſtorme-contemning Bay
I ſaw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
Teach the deafe ſtones to heare him, and admire.
Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compaſs'd round,
All whom the Oake, all whom the Lawrell crown'd.
There baniſh'd *Ovid* had a laſting home,
Better than thou couldſt give ingratefull *Rome*;
And *Lucan* (ſpight of *Nero*) in each vaine
Had every drop of his ſpilt blood againe:
Homer, *Sol*'s firſt borne, was not poore or blinde,
But ſaw as well in body, as in minde.
Tullie, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the reſt
Of *Greece*'s admir'd Wiſemen, here poſſeſt
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gaine
A life, as everlaſting as their Fame.
By theſe, the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who ſterne Death and perils did imbrace
For *Vertues* cauſe. Great *Alexander* there
Laughing at Earth's ſmall Empire, did weare
A Nobler Crowne, than the whole World could give.
There did *Horatius Cocles*, *Scæva*, live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely ceaſe
From Warre, and purchaſe an eternall peace.
Next them, beneath a Mirtle Bowre, where Doves,
And galleſſe Pidgeons build their neſts, all Loves
Faithfull perſeverers, with amorous kiſſes,
And ſoft imbraces, taſte their greedieſt wiſhes.

Leander

Leander with his beautious *Hero* playes,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Porcia injoyes her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.
Thisbe her *Pyramus* kiss'd, his *Thisbe* hee
Embrac'd, each blest with th'others companie.
And every couple alwayes dancing, sing
Eternall Ditties to *Elysium* King.
But see how soone these pleasures fade away,
How neere to Evening is delights short Day?
For th'watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light
Straight crowd: and all these vanish from my sight.
My very *Muse* her selfe forsooke mee too,
Me griefe and wonder wak'd: What should I doe?
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and goe
From life, that I may Dreame for ever so.
With that my flying *Muse* I thought to claspe
Within my armes, but did a shadow graspe.
Thus chiefest Joyes glide with the swiftest Streame,
And all our greatest Pleasure's but a Dreame.

ABRA. COVVLEY.

FINIS.

SYLVA

OR

DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES

Made upon ſundry occaſions by **A. C.**



LONDON,
Printed by E. P. for HENRY SEILE, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at the Signe of the Tygers-head in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1636.

On his Majeſties returne out of Scotland.

GReat *Charles*: there ſtop you trumpeters of fame,
(For he who ſpeakes his titles his great name
Muſt have a breathing time,) *Our King*: ſtay there,
Tel't by degrees, let the inquiſitive eare
Bee held in doubt, and ere you ſay; *Js come*;
Let every heart prepare a ſpacious roome
For ample joyes; then *Io* ſing as loud
As thunder ſhot from the divided cloud.
Let *Cygnus* plucke from the *Arabian* waves
The ruby of the rocke, the pearle that paves
Great *Neptunes* Court, let every ſparrow beare
From the three ſiſters weeping barke a teare
Let ſpotted Lynces their ſharpe tallons fill
With chriſtall fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
Let *Cytherean* birds freſh wreathes compoſe,
Knitting the pale fac't lilly with the roſe.
Let the ſelfe-gotten Phœnix rob his neſt,
Spoyle his owne funerall pile, and all his beſt
Of myrrhe, of frankincenſe, of *Caſſia* bring,
To ſtrew the way for our returned King.
Let every poſt a *Panegyricke* weare,
Each wall, each piller gratulations beare:

And yet let no man invocate a Muse;
The very matter will it selfe infuse
A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells
(For unknowne joyes worke unknowne miracles)
Ring without helpe of *Sexton*, and presage
A new, made holyday for future age.
And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden Temple to propitious fate,
At the returne of any noble men,
Of Heroes, or of Emperours, wee must then
Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame
Was but the shaddow of our *CHARLES* hi name.
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow?
Where no defects, no imperfections grow?
Whose head is alwayes crown'd with victory,
Snatch'd from *Bellonas* hand, him luxury
In peace debilitates, whose tongue can win,
Tullies owne garland, to him pride creeps in.
On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders the propt state
(As hee were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
Solely, relies, him blind ambition moves,
His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those vertues which they all posseſt
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Great *Charles*; Let *Cæsar* boast *Pharsalias* fight,
Honorius prayse the *Parthians* unfeyn'd flight.
Let *Alexander* call himselfe *Ioves* peere,
And place his Image next the Thunderer,
Yet whilst our *Charles* with equall ballance reignes
'Twixt Mercy and *Astræa*; and maintaynes
A noble peace. 'tis hee, 'tis onely hee
Who is most neere, most like the Deitie.

A Song

A Song on the ſame.

HEnce clouded lookes, hence briny teares
Hence eye, that ſorrowes livery weares.
What though a while Apollo *pleaſe*
To viſit the Antipodes?
Yet hee returnes, and with his light
Expells, what he hath caus'd, the night.
What though the ſpring vaniſh away
And with it the earths forme decay?
Yet att's new birth it will reſtore
What it's departure tooke before.
What though wee miſt our abſent King
Erewhile? Great Charles *is come agin,*
And, with his preſence makes us know,
The gratitude to Heaven wee owe.
So doth a cruell ſtorme impart
And teach us Palinurus *art.*
So from ſalt flouds, wept by our eyes,
A joyfull Venus *doth ariſe.*

A Vote.

1.

LEst the misconstring world should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whisper in *Joves* eare,
How much I wish that funerall,
Or gape at such a great ones fall,
This let all ages heare,
And future tymes in my soules picture see
What I abhorre, what I desire to bee.

2.

I would not be a Puritane, though he
Can preach two houres, and yet his sermon bee
But halfe a quarter long,
Though from his old mechanicke trade
By vision hee's a Pastor made,
His faith was growne so strong.
Nay though he thinke to gayne salvation,
By calling th' Pope the whore of Babylon.

3.

I would not bee a Schoolemaster, though hee
His rods no lesse then *Fasces* deemes to bee,
Though hee in many a place,
Turnes *Lilly* ofner then his gownes;
Till at the last hee make the nownes,
Fight with the verbes apace.
Nay though hee can in a Poeticke heate,
Figures, borne since, out of poore *Virgill* beate.

I would

4.

I would not bee Iuſtice of Peace, though hee
Can with equality divide the fee,
And ſtakes with his Clarke draw:
Nay though hee ſit upon the place,
Of Iudgement with a learned face
Intricate as the Law.
And whil'ſt hee mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks *Priſcians* head with ſentences ſecurely.

5.

I would not bee a Courtier, though hee
Makes his whole life the trueſt Comedy:
Although hee bee a man
In whome the Taylers forming Art,
And nimble Barber clayme more part
Then Nature herſelfe can:
Though, as hee uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongs, though they can ſpin with eaſe
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a Paraphraſe,
From uſurers conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young heyres ſo faſt,
Without all doubt they'le choakt at laſt)
Make mee all innocence
Good Heaven; and from thy eyes, ô Iuſtice keepe,
For though they bee not blind, they're oft aſleepe.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion; who are
Alwayes at Church just like the Crowes, 'cause there
They build themselves a nest.
From too much Poetry, which shines
With gold in nothing but it's lines,
Free, ô you powers, my brest.
And from Astronomy within the skyes
Finds fish, and bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8.

From your Court Madams beauty, which doth carry
At morning May, at night a Ianuary.
From the grave citty brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of *Pythagoras*)
Keepe me ô fortune now
And chines of beefe innumerable send mee,
Or from the stomacke of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me: that my meanes may ly
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' ignote are better then ill knowne,
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would hue, but when't depends
Not from the number, but the choyse of friends.

10.

Bookes ſhould, not buſineſſe, intertayne the light,
And ſleepe, as undiſturb'd as death the night.
My houſe a cottage more
Then pallace, and ſhould fitting bee
For all my uſe, no luxurie.
My garden painted ore
With natures hand, not arts and pleaſures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading ſpace,
For hee that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would nor feare, nor wiſh my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To morrow let my Sunne his beames diſplay,
Or in clouds hide them; *I have liv'd to day.*

A Poeticall revenge.

VV*Eſtminſter-Hall* a friend and I agreed
To meet in; hee (ſome buſines 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there; I up did goe,
To the next Court, for though I could not know
Much what they ment, yet I might ſee and heare
(As moſt ſpectators doe at Theater)
Things very ſtrange; Fortune did ſeeme to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But being newly ſetled at the ſport,
A Semy-gentleman of th'Innes of Court
In a Sattin ſuite, redeem'd but yeſterday;
One who is raviſh't with a Cockpit play,
Who prayes God to deliver him from no evill
Beſides a Taylors bill, and feares no Devill
Beſides a Serjeant, thruſt mee from my ſeate,
At which I gan to quarrell, till a neate
Man in a ruffe, (whome therefore I did take
For Barriſter) open'd his mouth and ſpake,
Boy get you gon, this is no ſchoole; Oh no:
For if it were, all you gown'd men would goe
Vp for falſe Lattin, they grew ſtraight to bee
Incenſt, I feard they would have brought on mee
An Action of Treſpaſſe, till th'young man
Aforeſaid in the Sattin ſuite, began
To ſtrike mee, doubtleſſe there had beene a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away
Without replying; for to ſcould is ill

Where

Where every tongue's the clapper of a Mill,
And can outſound *Homers Gradivus*; ſo
Away got I, but ere I farre did goe,
I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poetrie*)
Theſe two or three ſharpe curſes backe; may hee
Bee by his Father in his ſtudy tooke
At *Shakeſpeares* Playes, inſtead of my L. *Cooke*.
May hee (though all his writings grow as ſoone
As *Butters* out of eſtimation)
Get him a Poets name, and ſo nere come
Into a Sergeants, or dead Iudges roome.
May he (for 'tis ſinne in a Lawyer)
True Latin uſe to ſpeake, even at the *Barre*.
May he become ſome poore Phyſitians prey,
Who keepes men with that conſcience in delay
As he his Clyents doth, till his health bee
As farre fetch'd as a Greeke Nownes pedigree.
Nay, for all that, may the diſeaſe bee gone
Never but in the long Vacation.
May Neighbours uſe all quarrels to decide,
But if for Law any to *London* ride,
Of all thoſe Clyents may no one be his,
Vnleſſe he come in *Forma Pauperis*.
Grant this you Gods, that favour *Poetry*,
That ſo at laſt theſe ceaſeleſſe tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrell with a threadbare black, but ſpare
Them who beare Schollers names, leſt ſome one take
Spleene, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To

To the Dutcheſſe of Buckingham.

IF I ſhould ſay, that in your face were ſeene,
Natures beſt picture of the *Cyprian* Queene,
If I ſhould ſweare under *Minerua's* Name,
Poets (who Prophets are) foretold your fame,
The future age would thinke it flatterie,
But to the preſent which can witneſſe be,
'Twould ſeeme beneath your high deſerts, as farre,
As you above the reſt of Women are.
When *Manners* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I ſee,
How doe I reverence your Nobilitie!
But when the vertues of your ſtocke I view,
(Envi'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I halfe adore them, for what woman can
Beſides your ſelfe (may I might ſay what man)
Both Sexe, and Birth, and Fate, and yeeres excell
In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?
Oh how had this begot Idolatrie,
If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancie,
When mans too much Religion, made the beſt
Or Deities, or Semygods at leaſt?
But we, forbidden this by pietie,
Or, if we were not, by your modeſtie,
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
Enjoy your equall, when you once are gone,
But whats more poſſible, t'enjoy you long.

T

To his very much honoured Godfather, Master A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mocke Death or times Darts) my *Name.*
I love it more becauſe 'twas given by you,
I love it moſt becauſe 'twas your name too.
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Pluckes me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that Citie t'whom I ow'd before,
(But ah me! fate hath croſt that willing ſcore)
A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
And I'm more glad becauſe it gave me you:
Whom I may rightly thinke, and terme to be
Of the whole Citie an Epitomie.

I thanke my carefull fate which found out one
(When Nature had not licenced my tongue
Farther then cryes) who ſhould my office doe,
I thanke her more becauſe ſhe found out you.
In whoſe each looke I may a ſentence ſee,
In whoſe each deed a teaching Homilie.

How

How ſhall I pay this debt to you? My Fate
Denyes me *Indian* Pearle or *Perſian* Plate.
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend Apples to *Alcinous*,
And ſell the cunningſt way; No, when I can
In every Leafe, in every Verſe write Man,
When my Quill reliſheth a Schoole no more,
When my pen feathered Muſe hath learnt to ſoare,
And gotten wings aswell as feet; looke then
For equall thankes from my unwearied Pen:
Till future ages ſay; 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An

An Elegie on the Death of Mrs. *Anne Whitfield.*

SHee's dead, and like the hower that stole her hence,
With as much quietnesse and innocence.
And 'tis as difficult a taske to win
Her travelling soule backe to its former Inne,
As force that houre, fled without tract away,
To turne, and stop the current of the day.
What, shall wee weepe for this? and cloath our eye
With sorrow, the Graves mourning Liverie?
Or shall wee sigh? and with that pious winde
Drive faster on what wee already finde
Too swift for us, her soule? No; she who dy'd,
Like the sicke Sunne, when Night entombes his pride:
Or Trees in Autumne, when unseene decay,
And slow consumption steales the leaves away,
Without one murmur, shewes that she did see
Death as a good, not as a miserie.
And so she went to undiscovered Fields,
From whence no path hope of returning yeelds,
To any Traveller, and it must bee
Our solace now to court her memory.
Wee'l tell how love was dandled in her eye,
Yet curb'd with a beseeming gravity.

And

And how (beleeve it you that heare or reade)
Beauty and chaſtity met and agreed
In her, although a Courtier: we will tell
How farre her noble ſpirit did excell
Hers, nay our Sexe: wee will repeate her Name,
And force the Letters to an Anagrame.
Whitfield wee'l cry, and amorous windes ſhall bee
Ready to ſnatch that words ſweet Harmonie
Ere 'tis ſpoke out, thus wee muſt dull griefes ſting,
And cheate the ſorrow that her loſſe would bring.
Thus in our hearts wee'l bury her, and there
Wee'l write, *Here lyes* Whitfield *the chaſt, and faire.*
Art may no doubt a ſtatelier Tombe invent,
But not like this, a living Monument.

An Elegy on the death of Iohn Littleton *Eſquire, Sonne and heyre to Sir* Thomas Littleton, *who was drowned leaping into the water to ſave his younger Brother.*

AND muſt theſe waters ſmile againe? and play
About the ſhore as they did yeſterday?
Will the Sun court them ſtill? and ſhall they ſhow
No conſcious wrinckle furrowed on their brow,
That to the thirſty Travaylor may ſay,
I am accurſt, goe turne ſome other way?
It is unjuſt; blacke floud, thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loſſe, then all thy watery ſtore
Can give thee teares to mourne for: birds ſhall bee
And beaſts henceforth afraid to drinke of thee.
What have I ſaid? my pious rage hath beene
Too hot, and acts whilſt it accuſeth ſinne.
Thou 'rt innocent I know, ſtill cleere, and bright,
Fit whence ſo pure a ſoule ſhould take it's flight.
How is my angry zeale confin'd? for hee
Muſt quarrell with his love and pietie,
That would revenge his death, Oh I ſhall ſinne,
And wiſh anon hee had leſſe vertuous beene.
For when his Brother (teares for him I'de ſpill
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Strugled for life with the rude waves, hee too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beame could ſhow.
His charity ſhone moſt; thou ſhalt, ſaid hee,
Live with mee, Brother, or I'le dye with thee,
And ſo hee did; had hee beene thine ô *Rome*.

Thou wouldst have call'd this death a Martyrdome.
And Saynted him, my conscience give me leave,
I'le doe so too, if fate will us bereave
Of him wee honor'd living, there must bee
A kind of reverence to his memory
After his death: and where more just then here
Where life and end were both so singuler?
Of which th'one griefe, the other imitation
Of all men vindicates, both admiration.
Hee that had only talk't with him might find
A little *Academy* in his mind.
Where *Wisedome, Master* was, and *Fellowes* all
Which wee can good, which wee can vertuous call.
Reason, and *Holy Feare* the *Proctors* were
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that erre.
His learning had outrun the rest of heyres.
Stolne beard from tyme, and leapt to twenty yeares.
And as the Sunne, though in full glorie bright,
Shines upon all men with impartiall light,
And a good morrow to the *begger* brings
With as full rayes as to the mightiest *Kings*.
So hee, although his worth just state might clayme,
And give to pride an honorable name,
With curtesy to all cloth'd vertue so
That 'twas not higher, then his thoughts were low.
In's body too no *Critique* eye could find
The smallest blemish to bely his mind;
Hee was all pureness, and his outward part
The looking-glasse and picture of his heart.
When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheate
The hungry worme of it's expected meate,
When gemmes, plucke from the Shoare by ruder hands,
Return'd againe unto their native sands,

'Mongst

'Mongſt all thoſe ſpoyles there was not any pray
Could equall what this brooke hath ſtolen away,
Weepe then, ſad Floud; and though thou'rt innocent,
Weepe becauſe fate made thee her inſtrument:
And when long griefe hath drunke up all thy ſtore,
Come to our eyes, and wee will lend thee more.

A translation of verses upon the B. Virgin, writt in Latine by the right worshipfull Dr. A.

Ave Maria.

ONce thou rejoycedst, and rejoyce for ever,
Whose time of joy shall bee expired never.
Who in her wombe the *Hive of comfort* beares,
Let her drinke *comforts honie* with her eares.
You brought the word of joy, which did impart
An Haile, to all, let us *An Haile* redart.
From you *God save* into the world there came;
Our *Ecebo Haile* is but an emptie name.

Gratia plena.

How loaded Hives are with their honie fill'd,
From diverse flowres by *Chimicke* Bees distill'd:
How full the *Collet* with his Iewell is,
Which, what it cannot take, by love doth kisse:
How full the *Moone* is with her Brothers ray,
When shee drinks up with thirstie orbe the day,
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,
So full doth *Marie* of *Gods* light appeare.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* shee
Bee full, who was full with the *Deitie*.

Dominus tecum.

The fall of mankind under deaths extent
The quire of blessed *Angels* did lament,
And wisht a reparation to see
By him, who manhood j yn'd with *Deitie*.
How gratefull should Mans safety then appeare
T'himselfe, whose safetie can the *Angells* cheare?

Benedicta

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and troopes of ſad *diſeaſes* led
To th'earth, by woemans *hand* ſollicited:
Life came ſo too, and troopes of *Graces* led
To th'earth, by woemans *faith* ſollicited.
As our lifes ſpring came from thy bleſſed wombe,
So from our mouths ſprings of thy prayſe ſhall come.
Who did lifes bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhee,
Above all woemen ſhould thrice bleſſed bee.

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With mouth divine the Father doth proteſt,
Hee a good word ſent from his ſtored breaſt,
'Twas *Chriſt*: which *Marie* without carnall thought,
From the unfathom'd depth of goodnes brought,
The word of bleſſing a juſt cauſe affoords,
To bee oft bleſſed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus ſuperveniet in te.

As when ſoft weſt winds ſtrooke the garden Roſe,
A ſhowre of ſweeter aire ſalutes the Noſe.
The breath gives ſparing kiſſes, nor with powre
Vnlocks the Virgin boſome of the flowre,
Soe th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Marie* blow'd,
And from her ſacred box whole rivers flow'd.
Yet loos'd not thine eternall chaſtity,
Thy Roſes folds doe ſtill entangled lie.
Believe *Chriſt* borne from an unbruiſed wombe,
So from unbruiſed barke the odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Sonne begot ere time begunne,
Marie in time brought forth her little Sonne.
Of double substance, one, life hee began,
God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
Great is this birth, and tis a stranger deede,
That *shee* no *man*, then *God* no *wife* should neede.
A shade delighted the child-bearing mayde,
And *God* himselfe became to her a shade.
O strange descent! who is lights author, hee
Will to his creature thus a shadow bee.
As unseene light did from the Father flow,
So did seene light from *Virgin Marie* grow.
When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,
The Father shade was, *Christ* the *Deitie*.
Lett's seeke for day wee darknes, whil'st our sight,
In light finds darknes, and in darknes light.

ODE I.

On the prayse of Poetry.

'TIs not a *Pyramide* of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition,
'Tis not a tombe cut out in brasse, which can
Give life to th'ashes of a man.
But verses only; they shall fresh appeare
Whil'st there are men to read, or heare.
When tyme shall make the lasting brasse decay,
And eate the *Pyramide* away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names, to what it keepes, poore dust.
Then shall the *Epitaph* remayne, and bee
New graven in Eternity.
Poets by death are conquered, but the *wit*
Of *Poets* triumph over it.
What cannot verse? when *Thracian Orpheus* tooke
His Lyre, and gently on it strooke,
The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificiall pace the Warlike *Pine*,
Th' *Elme*, and his wife the *Ivy twine*,
VVith all the better trees, which er'st had stood
Vnmou'd, forsooke their native wood.
The Lawrell to the *Poets* hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow.
And every loving arme embrac'd, and made
VVith their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts too strove his auditors to bee

Forgetting their old Tyranny.
The fearefull *Hart* next to the *Lion* came;
And *Wolfe* was *Shepheard* to the *Lambe*.
Nightingales, harmeleſſe *Syrens* of the ayre,
And *Muſes* of the place, were there.
Who when their little windpipes they had found
Vnequall to ſo ſtrange a ſound,
O'recome by art and griefe they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering Lyre.
Happy, ô happy they, whoſe tombe might bee,
Mauſolus, envied by thee!

ODE II.

That a pleaſant poverty is to bee preferred before diſcontented riches.

1.

WHy ô doth gaudy *Tagus* raviſh thee,
Though *Neptunes* treaſure-houſe it bee?
Why doth *Paſtolus* thee bewitch,
Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2.

Their dull and ſleepy ſtreames are not at all
Like other Flouds, *Poeticall*,
They have no dance, noe wanton ſport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd ſhore to court.

3.

No fiſh inhabite the adulterate floud,
Nor can it feede the neighboring wood,
No flower or herbe is neere it found,
But a perpetuall winter ſterves the ground.

4.

Give me a river which doth ſcorne to ſhew
An added beauty, whoſe cleere brow
May bee my looking-glaſſe, to ſee
What my face is, and what my mind ſhould bee.

5.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in ranke,
And prattle to the ſmiling banke.
Here ſad *Kingfiſhers* tell their tales,
And fiſh enrich the Brooke with ſilver ſcales.

6.

Daſyes the firſt borne of the teeming ſpring,
On each ſide their embrodery bring,
Here *Lillies* waſh, and grow more white,
And *Daffadills* to ſee themſelves delight.

7.

Here a freſh arbor gives her amorous ſhade,
Which *Nature*, the beſt *gard'ner* made.
Here I would ſet, and ſing rude layes,
Such as the *Nimphes* and *me my ſelfe* ſhould pleaſe.

8.

Thus I would waſt, thus end my careleſſe dayes,
And *Robin-red-breſts* whom men prayſe
For pious birds, ſhould when I dye,
Make both my *monument* and *Elegie*.

ODE III.

To his Miſtris.

TYrian dye why doe you weare
You whoſe cheekes beſt ſcarlet are?
Why doe you fondly pin
Pure linnens ore your skin,
Your skin thats whiter farre,
Caſting a dusky cloud before a ſtarre?

2.

Why beares your necke a golden chayne?
Did nature make your hayre in vayne,
Of gold moſt pure and fine?
With gemmes why doe you ſhine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like *Phoſphor*, when the *Sunne* doth riſe.

3.

I would have all my *Mistris* parts,
Owe more to *Nature* then to *Arts*,
I would not woe the dresse,
Or one whose nights give lesse
Contentment, then the day.
Shee's fayre, whose beautie only makes her gay.

4.

For 'tis not buildings make a Court
Or pompe, but 'tis the Kings resort:
If *Jupiter* downe powre
Himselfe, and in a showre
Hide such bright *Majestie*
Lesse then a golden one it cannot bee.

ODE IV.

On the uncertainty of Fortune. A translation.

1.

Leave off unfit complaints, and cleere
From sighes your brest, and from blacke clouds your brow,
When the Sunne shines not with his wonted cheere,
And fortune throwes an adverse cast for you.
That Sea which vext with *Notus* is
The merry *Eastwinds* will to morrow kisse.

2.

The Sun to day rides drousily,
To morrow 'twill put on a looke more fayre,
Laughter and groaning doe alternatly
Returne, and teares sports neerest neighbours are.

'Tis

'Tis by the *Gods* appointed so
That good fate should with mingled dangers flow.

3.

VVho drave his Oxen yesterday,
Doth now over the Noblest *Romanes* reigne.
And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay
The yoake which from his *Oxen* he had tane.
VVhom *Hesperus* saw poore and low,
The mornings eye beholds him greatest now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongst her play
But seriousnesse; he shall againe goe home
To his old Country farme of yesterday,
To scoffing people no meane jeast become.
And with the *crowned Axe*, which hee
Had rul'd the world, goe backe and prune some Tree.
Nay if he want the fuell cold requires,
With his owne *Fasces* he shall make him *fires*.

ODE. V.

In commendation of the time we live under the Reigne of our gracious King Charles.

CVrst be that wretch (Deaths Factor sure) who brought
Dire Swords into the peacefull world, and taught
Smiths, who before could onely make
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake;
Arts, in most cruell wise
Mans life t'epitomize.

Then

2.

Then men (fond men alas) rid poſt to th'grave,
And cut thoſe threads, which yet the *Fates* would ſave:
Then *Charon* ſweated at his trade,
And had a bigger *Ferry* made,
Then, then the ſilver hayre,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *revenge* married to *ambition*,
Begat blacke *Warre*, then *avarice* crept on.
Then limits to each field were ſtrain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To men before was found,
Beſides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Playne or what River hath not beene
Warres ſtory, writ in blood (ſad ſtory) ſeene?
This truth too well our *England* knowes,
'Twas civill ſlaughter dy'd her *Roſes*
Nay then her *Lillie* too,
With bloods loſſe paler grew.

5.

Such griefes, nay worſe than theſe, wee now ſhould feele,
Did not juſt *Charles* ſilence the rage of ſteele?
He to our Land bleſt peace doth bring,
All Neighbour Countries envying.
Happy who did remaine
Vnborne till *Charls* his reigne!

Where

6.

Where dreaming *Chimicks* is your paine and coſt?
How is your oyle, how is your labour loſt?
Our *Charles*, bleſt *Akbymiſt* (though ſtrange,
Beleeve it future times) did change
The *Iron* age of old,
Into an age of *Gold*.

ODE. VI.

Vpon the ſhortneſſe of Mans life.

MArke that ſwift Arrow how it cuts the ayre,
How it out-runnes thy hunting eye,
Vſe all perſwaſions now, and try
If thou canſt call it backe, or ſtay it there.
That way it went, but thou ſhalt find
No tract of 't left behind.
Foole 'tis thy life, and the ſond *Archer*, thou,
Of all the time thou'ſt ſhot away
Ile bid thee fetch but yeſterday,
And it ſhall be too hard a taske to doe.
Beſides repentance, what canſt find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too ſtrong a tyde,
A doubtfull *cloud* our ſubſtance beares,
And is the *horſe* of all our yeeres.
Each day doth on a winged *whirle-wind* ride.
VVee and our *Glaſſe* run out, and muſt
Both render up our duſt.

But

But his paſt life who without griefe can ſee,
Who never thinkes his end too neere,
But ſayes to *Fame* thou art mine *Heire*.
That man extends lifes naturall brevitie,
This is, this is the onely way
T'out-live *Neſtor* in a day.

An Answer to an invitation to Cambridge.

1.

Nicholls, my better selfe, forbeare,
For if thou telst what *Cambridge* pleasure are,
The *Schoole-boyes* sinne will light on me,
I shall in mind at least a *Truant* bee.
Tell me not how you feede your minde
With dainties of *Philosophie*,
In *Ovids Nut* I shall not finde,
The taste once pleased me.
O tell me not of *Logicks* diverse cheare,
I shall beginn to loath our *Crambe* here.

2.

Tell me not how the waves appeare
Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *learned Sheine*,
I shall contemne the troubled *Thames*,
On her chiefe *Holiday*, even when her streames,
Are with rich follie guilded, when
The *quondam Dungboat* is made gay,
Iust like the braverie of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day.
When th'*Citie* shines with *Flagges* and *Pageants* there,
And Satin Doublets, seene not twice a yeere.

Why

3.

Why doe I ſtay then? I would meet
Thee there, but *plummets* hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chiefe wiſh to live with thee,
But not till I deſerve thy companie.
Till then wee'l ſcorne to let that toy
Some forty miles, divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I ſhall enjoy,
Friendſhip, and *wit*, thy better parts.
Through envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,
Wee'l eaſely ſee each other, *Love hath wings*.

FINIS.